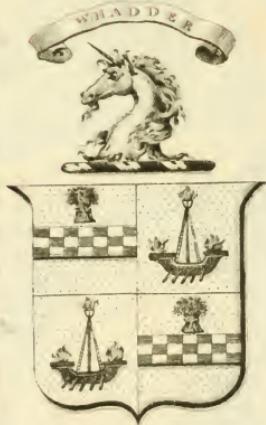




G.
3991.47





2. 16. e 461 Glaphorne (Henry) Ladies Priviledge, as it was acted with -
good Allowance at the Cockpit in Drury Lane 1640

W W

(461)



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

<https://archive.org/details/ladiespriviledge00glap>

THE LADIES Priviledge.

As it was Acted with good al-
lowance at the Cock-pit in *Drury-lane*,
And before their Majesties at
White-Hall twice.



By their MAIES TIES Servants.

The AUTHOR Henry Glaphorne.

1st Edition

Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.



Imprinted at London by J. Okes, for Francis
Constable, and are to be sold at his shops in
Kings-street, at the signe of the Goat, and in
Westminster-hall. 1640.

CHICAGO

In 1809 John Deere started
making plows at his foundry in Grand Detour,
Illinoian. He had a son named
John Deere.

John Deere's plows were so good
that he sold them all over the country.
He died in 1886.

John Deere's sons continued
the business after he died.
They made many different kinds
of farm machinery.



To the true Example of Heroicke Vertue, and Favourer of Arts, Sir F R E D E R I C K C O R N W A L L I S.

S I R :

 You are so well acquainted with the Justice of *Nobility*, that your owne *Fame* is your owne *History*: you are writ in that Sir. Nor need I study to expresse it in a larger Character, since it is texted already in a Volume, time(which is *Edax rerum*)cannot exterminate. Thinke not, worthiest Sir, this can in me be flattery; your worth admits none: nor dare I sell my selfe to such a slavery, as to beginne my

A 2 service

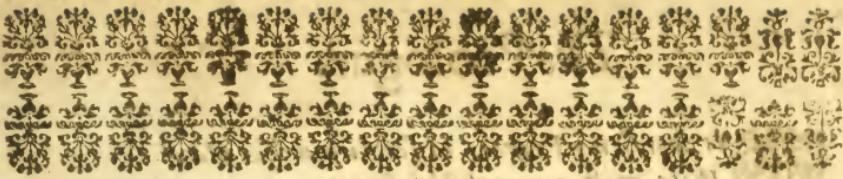
The Epistle Dedicatory.

service to You with that unmanly prostitution: You have alwayes affoorded me such transcendent favours, that I shonld descend to ingratitude, should not I study a retribution: which though I cannot reach at, accept Sir, I beseech you, this Essay of gratitude from

Your most obliged honourer,

Hen: Glaphorne.

The



The Persons.

Trivulci, Duke of Genoa.

Doria, Admirall of Genoa.

Vitelli, his Friend.

Adorni his Lieutenant.

Bonivet, a Kinsman to Trivulci.

Laftantio, a Genoese Lord.

Sabelli, Page to Doria.

Frangipan, nephew to Corimba

Senators, Officers of State.

Chrisea,

Eurione, } Necces to Trivulci.

Corimba, a Court Matron;

Priest, Executioner, Virgins, Attendants.

The Scene Genoa.

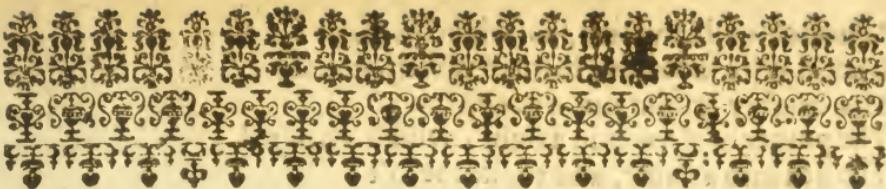
The



The Prologue.

Typo lock.

Tis worth my Fears, to see within this place
Wits most accomplish'd Senate ; tis a grace
Transcending our desert, tho' not our feare,
Least what our Author writes should not appeare
Fit for this Iudging presence ; all the wayes
He knowes that lead to the true throne of Playes
Are rough unease pather, such as to tread
Would fright an active able Muse ; strike dead
A weake and timerous travailer : for some
Will gine the play a pitious Martyrdome
Ere it hath life ; yet have I excite that flame,
Only distrust in the new Authors name.
Others for shertnesse force the Author run,
And end his Play before his Plot be done.
Some in an humorous squemishnesse will say,
They only come to heare, not see the Play,
Others to see it only, there have beene,
And are good store, that come but to be seene :
Not see nor heare the Play : How shall we then
Please the so various appetites of men.
It starts our Authors confidence, who by me
Tels you thus much t'excuse the Comedy.
You shall not here be feasted with the sight
Of anicke showes ; but Actions, such as might
And have beene reall, and in such a phrase,
As men should speake in : Ladies if you praise,
At least allow his language and his plot,
Your owne just Priviledge, his Muse hath got
So full a wreath, that spight of Envies frownes
Shall in his Brow sit as a lasting Crowne.



The Ladies Priviledge.

Act. I. Scena. I.

Enter Bonivet, Lattantio, and Vitelli.

Bonivet.

S the newes certayne he is arriv'd?

Vit. The Duke

Had sure intelligence, that the whole Fleet
Anchor'd last night without the Bay : and now
For confirmation of it, the thick breath
Of his saluting Cannon hangs in Clouds
Over the Cittadell, and the glad noyse
Of the applauding people, gratulate
His entrance to the River.

Bon. The day rose

So cheerefully, as if it meant to gild
With unaccustom'd light, his sayles swolne big.
As pregnant mother with the pleasing ayre
Of victory.

Lac. The rumour of the Fleet
Has fill'd all Italy with wonder, how
So small a number should in open fight
Defeat the Turkish Navy ; and conclude
The Generals skill and valour, the mayne cause
Of the achievement.

Vit. Hee has return'd as large

The Ladies Priviledge.

Affurance of his worth, as when his force
Back'd with successive fortune which attends
His mighty resolution, over-threw
The power of *Venice* in a fight; which changed
The Sea into a flame, and tooke me in't
His fortunate Captive.

Bon. Sir, tis noble in you
To acknowledge that as good, which might have bin
Your eminent ruine; stately buildings so
Rise out of ancient structures which the rage
Of eating time, or anger of the windes
Had totter'd from the ground works: you may prove
As fairely happy in the Generals love,
As in the honour which your name or Country
Confer'd on your desert.

Vit. You speake the scope
Of my intention, a perfect friend
Includes both honour, Country, Family,
And all that's deare and holy: such a friend
As is my *Doria*, to whose spacious merit
Succession shall pay volumes, who was man of war
Ere in the smooth field of his face, rough age
Displayd his hairy Ensigne; who has pul'd
Bright honours wreath from her triumphant front
In battailes when the trembling Sea being calme
Did croud and thrust its waves into a storme
To part the dreadfull fury.

Lar. The report
Of his Land services do stand on *termes*
Of Competition with the multitude
Of his Sea Victories.

Vit. Yet must subscribe
To his Navall triumphs: though the Land
Has seene him Conquerour, when the bodies slayne
Buried the ground they dy'd on, which did shake
To view it selfe entomb'd by them, for whom
It was ordain'd a Sepulchre, the Drums
Were to his ears delightfull as the Lute:

The Ladies Priviledge.

Pikes moving then in Forrest, seem'd as gr oves
Of lofty Cedars stird by sportive winds,
And when warres Quiresters, the whistling Fife,
And surly Trumpet sung an army dirge,
That fatall musicke wraps his spriglitfull fence,
Like joviall Hymnes at Nuptialls.

Bon. You cannot exceed

His praises duty, since his worth containes *Ent. Frangipan.*
Honours most severall attributes.

Lac. Signior *Frangipan*,

What riding post on foot, whither in such haiste ?

Fran. Very well met gentlemen, I scarce have breath
To utter a wise word yet.

Lac. We doe believe you Signior, and are in doubt
When you'll have leasure for't.

Fran. Heare you the newes,
The General's arriv'd : farewell, he will not land
Till I have had the maiden-head of his hand. *Exit.*

Bon. Tis such another Parrat, he relates
Things by tradition, as dogs barke : his newes
Still marches in the reare, yet he relates it
As confidently, as if each tale he tells, *Ent. Doria, Adorni, &*
As to be straight inserted as an eight *Sabelli.*
To the seven former wonders — But here comes one
Will cut off the Fooles Character : renowned Generall
Doe us the gratiouse honour to permit us
Salute the hand has sav'd our Country.

Do. Noblest friends,
I am more victorious in your earely loves,
Than in the Turkish Conquest ; though I remaine
A Captive to your kindnesse, my Vitelli,
The solid earth, or a continued Rocke,
May by some strange eruptions of the wind,
Be rent, and so divided ; but true friends
Are ad juncts most inseparabile : I have
Still worne thee here Vitelli, as a Jewell
Fit for no other Cabinet : gentlemen
Your welcome hands me thinks we should embrace,

The Ladies Priviledge.

So as ships grapple in hot fight, nor part,
Till our affectionate fury has discharg'd
Vollies of joyfull courtesie.

Ador. This is fitter ceremony for them
Then to embrace an enemy, who will not part
On termes so easie ; these gentlemen know better
To cut a Caper, than a Cable , or board a Pinck in the Burdells,
than a Pinace at sea : I marvaile my Lord should know such
Milk-sops.

Vit. My Lord,
You come t' instruct us Courtship, as y'ave taught
Your foes to feare your valour : you appeare
As if this were your Nuptiall day, on which
You were to wed bright triumph ; but you can
As well Court peace in silkes, as raging warre,
In burnish'd steele, and touch the ravishing strings
With as much cunning industry, as if
Mars could like *Orpheus* strike the trembling Harp.
Signior *Adorni* welcome home, I hope
Y'ave made a richer prize, then when my ship
Struck to your mercy.

Ador. Yes, we are very like
To make good prize indeed, when all the profit
Goes to the State and heavy-headed Burgers,
That lye and snort at home, and eat what we
Sweat bloody drops for.

Do. Honest *Adorni*,
His bluntnesse must excuse him gentlemen ;
How harsh and rough soe're he seemes, his honour
Will quickly vary, when I have bin tyr'd
With toyle of warre; the observations which
His travails have afforded him of men,
Countries, and manners, lively set forth
By his expressive action, has begot

Fleurish. Enter
Trivulci, Christea,

Mirth in my drowsie soule: when y'are acquainted
With his conceit of carriage ; you'll not affect
A jovialler Companion, — See the Duke

Tri. My noble warriour,
Peace now lookes lovely on us, since we enjoy

The

The Ladies Priviledge.

The author of't in safety : rise my *Doria*,
Let me embrace those youthfull limbes which cloath
Warre in loves livery : thy honour'd father,
When he return'd laden with Turkish spoyles,
As trophies of his valour from the slaughter
Of *Haly Bassa* at *Lepanto*, where
The Christian name was hazarded, arriv'd not
More welcome to the State ; beleieve me youth,
Hadst thou a mother living, to be proudj
Of thy Nativity, unlesse she wept
For joy to see thee, could no way expresse
A more affectionate gladnesse : *Chrisca*,
Eurione welcome him home, who cannot
Receive an equall grace to the just value
Of his deservings.

Chri. Your grace prepares us for that,
We did intend to offer.

Corin. Yes truely did wee sir, this Generall is ill-bred, I war-
rant him, to slight a gentlewoman of my demeanor.

Dor. My gracious Lord,
To tender thanks, where tis a debt, not duty,
Befits an equall ; subjects ought to offer,
With the sincere devotion that our Priests
Doe prayers to Heaven, their hearts as sacrifices
To their deserving Princes, whose sole favours
Doe as the quickning lustre of the Sunne
Cherish inferiour spirits : yours have bin
Showr'd downe on me as elementall dew,
On the parcht earth, which drinkes it up, and cannot
Give heaven a retribution, yet my duty
Shall speak my willing thankfulnesse, and while
These armes can weild victorious steele, no danger
Shal fright me from that service which I owe
My Prince and Country : since men are not borne
For themselves onely ; but their life's a debt
To th' Common-wealthe that bred 'hem.

Tri. Gentle warriour,
Thy fathers spirit swells thy soule, I reade it

The Ladies Priviledge.

In thy submissive loyalty; lets in,
Tis just that those who caus'd the warres to cease, *Flour. Ex.*
Should have the early fruits of their owne peace, *prater Corim.
Euri. Corimba.* and Eurione.

Have you employ'd a serious diligence yet
In giving Lord Vitelli secret notice
Of my affection to him?

Corim. Truly Madam,

And as I hope to have a husband yet
Ere I be fifty, I have beeene so ta'ne up
About my new device, I scarce have leisure
To say my prayers sincerely : Ladybird
You looke not sprightly, ravishing, onely this star
Was not well cut, nor well laid on, it wanted
A little of my learned art : *Vitelli*
Doubt him not Madam, he shall love you so :
Tis pretty neat now ; I would not have a *Lady*,
That weares a glasse about her, have the least
Pimple in her countenance discompos'd, it does
Disgallant a whole beauty.

Eur. But Corimba
What's this to me, thou maist as well tell tales : It ups me a lott
Of love to one departing life, these toyes
Relish with me as bitter pills with children,
Wilt thou effect my busynesse ?

Cor. I confess
I have beeene very fortunate in bringing
Couples together, though I neare could couple
My selfe with any, your Ladyship could not
Have chose a better agent.

Enter Frangipan.

Fran. Save you sweet Lady, save you, Aunt I have
Lost all my mornings exercise at Tennis
In seeking you, and yet was still in hazzard,
Whether I should meet you ; I must request a little
Helpe from your Art good Aunt, a patch, or two,

The Ladies Priviledge.

To make me appeare more lovely; for my glasse
Tells me I have a very scury face
Without some ornament.

Cori. Tis a good innocent face, be not ashame'd on't;
Ile cut out one instantly; nay I never
Goe unprovided of materials let me see,
What forme is best for thee; that somthing timorous
A heart stuck neatly on thy face, will excite
Thy heart to more audacity, good Madam
Dost not become him prettily? Cosen be sure
You doe commend this fashion to all gentlemen,
Wert but as common among them as Ladyes,
My wit would be eternally made famous
For the invention.

Fran. Wilt please you to dispatch Ant, I'me in hast,
I've a whole staple of newes to vent.

Corin. Of what troe?
I would have my kind red more ridiculous
To th' world than I am; Cosen all your newes
Is stale; invent me rather some choice story,
How true or false no matter, and declare it
For newes, twill please farre better, and endear
Your judgement i'th' relation.

Enter Doria, Christa, Sabelli.

Fran. Noble Generall y're happily encountr'd:
Have you seen my Aunt yet Signior; here she is, I have
Newes to informe you worth your knowledge.

Dor. Keep them
Good Signior till some other time: *Eurione*
We must implore your absence, we'd be private.

Cor. Why we have beeне trusted
With as good secrets: please your Lordship
Accept this Crescent, you see my Cosen
Is in the fashion; let me lay it on,
Infooth your face is, for a souldiers,
Too sinooth, and polite; this device will shew

The Ladies Privilidge.

As't had a skar upon it, which is an honour
To faces Military.

Dor. Good Madam gravity,
Keep your devices for your Chamber Lords,
That dance to Ladies shadowes ; pray be gone,
We need not your society — — — *Sabelli* *Exeunt.*
Put to the doore, and then be gone — — — *Chrisea* *Exit.*
The modest Turtles which
In view of other more lascivious Birds
Exchange their innocent loves in timerous figlies,
Do when alone most pritily converti
Their chirps to billing ; and with feather'd armes
Encompasse mutually their gawdy neckes.

Chri. You would inferre that we
Should in their imitation spend this time
Intended for a conference which concernes us
Neerer then Complement.

Dor. Why my *Chrisea*,
We may entwine as freely, since our loves
Are not at age yet to conceive a sinne,
Thine being new borne, and mine too young to speake
A lawlesse passion, for my services
Pay me with pricelesse treasure of a kisse,
While from the balmy fountaynes of thy lips
Distils a moisture precious as the Dew,
The amorous bounty of the morne
Casts on the Roses cheeke : what wary distance
Do you observe ? speake, and enrich my eares
With accents more harmonious then the Larks
When she sings Hymns to Harvest.

Chri. Sure my Lord
Y'ave studied Complement ; I thought the warre
Had taught men resolution, and not language.

Dor. Oh you instruct me justly, I should rather
Havetane the modest Priviledge of your lip,
And then endeavor'd to repay the grace
With my extreamest eloquence.

Chri. You mistake me.

Dor.

The Ladies Priviledge.

Dor. Remit my ignorance, and let me read
The mystery of thy language in thy looks,
In which are lively Characters of love
Writ in the polish'd tablets of thy cheekes :
Which seeme to vary colours, like the Clouds
When they presage a storme ; and those bright eyes
Dart unaccustom'd beames, which shine as anger.
Flash'd from their fiery motion.

Chri. You misconster

The intention of my looks, I am not angry
Though much distemper'd.

Dor. At what, by whom ?

Lives there a creature so extreamly bad
Dares dis-compose your patience ? speake, reveale
The monster to me ; were he fenc'd with flames,
Or lock'd in Bulwarkes of congested yce :
And all the feinds stood Centinels to guard
The passage, I would force it to his heart,
Through which the mounting violence of my rage
Should peirce like lightning.

Chri. I beleeve

That in some triviall quarrell to redeeme
My fame, should scandall touch it, you would fight
Perhaps to shew your valour : But I have
A taskē to enjoyne me, which my feares possess'e me,
You dare not venture to accept.

Dor. By truth

You wrong my faith and courage to suspect me
Of so extreame a Cowardize : have I stood the heat
Of Battailles till upon the mountainous piles
Of slaughter'd Carcasses, the soules which left em
Seem'd to ascend to Heaven : that your suspition
Should taint my honour with this base revolt ?
This is not noble in you.

Chri. Doe not rage,
When you shall heare it, you will then confess
Your confident errour.

Dor. My loyalty will not

The Ladies Priviledge.

Permit that strong rebellion in my breast,
To doubt the meanest falsehood in a word
Her voyce can utter, which should charme the world
To a beliefe, some Cherubim has left
Its roome in heaven, to earrroll to the earth
Celestiall Anthems, and I now beginne
To question my owne frailty; but by all
Which we call good or holy, be't your will
I should invade inevitable death,
In its most ugly horrour, my obedience
Shall like a carelesse Pilot cast this bark
On that pale rocke of ruine.

Chr. Will you sweare this?

Dor. Yes, invent

A forme of oath so binding, that no Law
Or power can dispense with: and ile seal't
With my best blood: pray Madam tell me what
The imposition is you judge so easily,
Will stagger my just truth, that I may flye
On Loves light wings to act it.

Chr. Heare it then, and doe not,
As you respect your oath, or love, request
The cause of what I shall command.

Dor. Still Suspitions:

My honour be my witnesse, which no action
Shall violate, I will not.

Chr. Enough, that vow
Cannot but be materiall, receive it,
I must no longer love you.

Dor. That's no command: what did you say *Chrisea*?

Chr. I must no longer love you, and command you,
Leave your affection to me.

Dor. Y'are very pleasant Lady.

Chr. You'll finde me very serious: nay more,
I love another, and I doe enjoyn you,
Since tis a man you may o're-rule, to affit me
In my obtaining him, without whose love
I'me resolute to perish.

Dor.

The Ladies Priviledge.

Dor. Sure I dreame,
Or some strange suddaine death has chang'd his frame
To immortality ; for were I flesh
And should heare this, certaine my violent rage
Would pull me to some desperate act beyond
The reach of fury ; these are words would infect
Rose-colour'd patience ; Cleere and lovely front
With loathsome leprosie, change flames to teares
And with unusuall harshnesse of the sound
Deafen the genius of the world.

Chri. Where's now
The strength of soule you boasted, does the noyse
Of the death speaking Cannon, not affright
Your settled resolution, and the voyce
Of a weak woman shake your youthfull blood
Into an ague : since you so ill beare this
When you shall heare the man, whose love has stolne
Your interest, you will rage more than unlimited fire,
In populous Cities.

Dor. Sure tis she who speaks :
I doe enjoy yet sound untainted sence,
Each faculty does with a peacefull harmony retaine
Its proper Organ ; yet she did rehearse
She must no longer love me : oh that word transforms
The soule of quiet into rage,
Above distracted madnes : madam tell me,
What place is this ? for you have led me
Into a subtle Labyrinth, where I never
Shall have fruition of my former freedome,
But like an humble anchorite, that digs
With his owne nayles his grave, must live confin'd
To the sad maze for ever.

Chri. Sir you cannot
By most submissive and continued prayers
Reclaime my affection, which stands fixt as Fate
Vpon your friend *Vitelli*.

Dor. My friend *Vitelli* ?
Chri. Sir, I not use

The Ladies Priviledge.

To jest my life away : *Vitellii* is
The person, to obtaine whose pretious love
I doe conjure you by all tyes of honour
To employ your utmost diligence.

Dor. Can I bee
So tame o'th' suddaine ? has the feeble spirit
Of some degenerate Coward frighted hence
My resolution which has given a Law
To fate it selfe, that I must now become
The stale to my owne ruine : oh *Christea*,
Who went so good that vertue would have sigh'd
At the unwelcome spectacle : had you
Appeard but woman in a passion,
Though of the slightest consequence : oh doe not
Abjure that Saint-like temper, it will be
A change hereafter, burdenous to your soule :
A sinne to one, who all his life-time blest
With peace of conscience, at his dying minute
Falls into mortall enmity with heaven,
And perishes eternally.

Chr. My will guides my determination, and you must
In honour act your promise.

Dor. Yes, I will,
Since you can urge it tho, but two
Things pretios to me, and one cruell word
Rob me of both ; my friend and her, *Christea*
I have not left another sigh to move,
Nor teare to beg your pitty.

Chri. They are but vaine,
You may as easily thinke to kisse the starres,
'Cause they shine on you, as recall my vowes,
Which I will urge no further ; but wish you
Regard your honour : But farewell, I must
Be cruell e're, to my owne love unjust.

Dor. She's gone ; what vapour, which the flattering Sunne
Attractes to heaven, as to create a starre,
And throw it a fading meteor to the earth,
Has faine like me : I am not yet growne ripe

Ex.

For

The Ladies Priviledge.

For perfect sorrow, but as a bubling brooke,
That sports and curles within its flowry Banks,
Till the vast sea devoure it, onely falling
Into the abyse of mischiefe ; passions surround
My intelle& uall powers, only my heart,
Liketo a rocky Island does advanc e
Above the fo my violence of the flood,
Its unmov'd head : lovc be my carefull guide,
Who sailes 'gainst danger both of wind and tide. *Ex.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Bonivet, Laffantio, and Adorni.

Bon. **T**Hanks good *Adorni*, we are much endeer'd
To your relation ; this rich corsick wine
Erected our dull spirits, and you shall
Command our service in as high and jocund
A Nature.

Ador. Sir, although I am
One that affects not the nice phrase of Court,
Having bin nurs'd in warre, yet I can frame
My selfe to imitation of what honour
Shall there, or any where appear to be.
Worthy my laughter.

Bon. You have explain'd your knowledge, we who breath
Only the aire of *Genoa*, and ne're tasted
Forraigne behaviour, covet nothing more
Than certaine knowledge of it, as 'tis proper to
Complexions intelle& uall to delight
In novelties ; your Spaniard as you say,
Is of a staid, serious, and haughty garbe :

The Ladies Priviledge.

Acts all his words with shrugs and gestures, kisses
His hand away in kindness; is of dyet
Sparing, will pick his teeth as formally
After an Orenge, or a clove of Garlick,
which is his ordinary morsell, as he'd fed
On Partridges or Pheasant.

Ador. 'Tis his grace
After his dinner Sir, and to confirme
Their most officious gravity, a Castilian
Was for some crime in Paris to be whipt
In triumph through the streetes, and being admonished
To be more swift of foote, so avoyd
The dreadfull lash the sooner, in scorne answer'd,
He rather would be flead alive, than breake.
A Title of his gravity.

La. Much good
Doe it his patient shoulders : but Adorni,
What thinke you of the French?

Ador. Very ayry people, who participate
More fire than earth ; yet generally good,
And nobly disposition'd; something inclining Ent. Corina
To over-weening fancy This Lady
Tells my remembrance of a Comick scenc,
I once saw in their Theatre.

Bon. Adde it to
Your former courtesies, and expresse it:

Ador. Your entreaty
Is a command, if this grave Lady please,
To act the Lady I must court.

Cor. Why doe you think
I cannot play the woman ? I have plaid a womans part
About twenty, twenty yeares agoe in a Court Masque,
And tho I say't as well as some o' them, & have bin courted too,
But it is truth, I have a foolish quality as many more women are
guilty of besides my selfe, I alwayes love them best, which
slight me most, and scorne those that doe court mee : look you
Signior, if't be a lovers part you are to act :
Take a black spot or two, I can furnish you.

The Ladies Priviledges

Twill make your face more amorous, and appare
More gracious in your Mistris eyes.

Ador. Stand faire Lady.

Cor. Tis your part to stand faire sir : doubt not my carriage—
O most rare man : sincerely, I shall love the *French*
The better while I live for this: *Ador Actis furiously.*
Nay pray sir, gentlemen entreat the man
To pacifie his wrath, tell him Ile love him,
Rather than see him rage thus.

Bon. He would have just reason to be mad indeed then, but now
The Mood is alter'd. *Ador. acts at antea.*

Cor. Excellently ravishing : this is offorce
To make the hardest hearted Lady love him :
Can I intreat him but to teach my Cosen
Some of his French, he will for ever be engallanted —

Enter Eurione, and Frangipan.

Bon. Beautious Cosen, Y'ave mist the quaintest sport; honest *Adorni*
You would endear this Lady to you, would you
Please to react it.

Ador. Nay, if you make me common once, farewell ;
I am not for your company.

Cor. Pray sir a word or two ; here is a gentleman,
Nay Nephew, though I say't a toward young man,
Vouchsafe him your acquaintance.

Ador. Will he fight, is he souldier ?

Cor. No truely sir, nor shall bee bee :
I would be loath to have my onely Cosen
Heated about the heart with lead ; he's dull
Enough already : *Frangipan* come hither,
This gentleman will for my sake teach thee *French*.

Ador. For your sake reverent Madam I shall do't :
Sir please you walke, we will conferre on rudiments.

Cor. Come with him Coz : Sir, and you have occasion
To use me in a pleasure, stands within
The ability of my performance, pray command,

The Ladies Priviledge.

You shall not bedeny'd.

Ador. Come Signiors, will you walke? *Ex.*

Eur. Cosen Bonivet,

I should be glad, after some minutes, to

Enjoy your Company.

Bon. I shall attend your Ladyship.

Eur. Corimb's what answer from Vitelli? do I live?

Or in the killing rigour of his scorne

Must I dye wretched.

Cor. Sincerely Madam,

You are too timorous of your owne deserts,

Or else you durst not doubt, that he, or any

You being so neat your selfe, and drest as neatly

As any Lady in the Court, shoud hazzard

The reputation of his wit, by flighting

Such an accomplish'd beauty.

Eur. You talke,

And play the cunning flatterer, to excuse

Your negligence; but know affections fire

Once kindled by desire, and blowne by thought

Into a heat, expires a thousand sighes,

Which as loves smoak, like incense flyes to heaven,

While the light fire with nimble wings doe soare

To its owne spheare, true lovers hearts who cherish

The flame, till they to ashes burne, and perish.

Cor. Why Ladybird, are you so passionate, the gentleman

Is a kind gentleman, has all that may

Set forth a man; for when I told him how

Like a hurt Deare you wounded were with love,

Life how he leapt for joy, as if the selfe

Same arrow which struck you, had glanc'd on him,

And as a token of his love, hee sent you

A bleeding heart in a Cornelion, which

Beshrew me, most unfortunately I lost;

Enter Christea.

Chri. Cornuba see

If Generall Doria be within — Eurione

Ex. Cor.

I have

The Ladies Priviledge.

I have beeene seeking thee; how dost thou sister?
I must demand a question that concernes
The safety of your fame.

Eur. I rest

Secure in mine owne innocence, and no malice
Can forge an accusation which can blemish
My meanest thought with scandall.

Chri. I beleeve, but know *Eurione* I am enform'd
You doe affect *Vitelli*, and conjure you
By the deare memory of our mother, tell me
If the report be certaine.

Eur. Should I deny't,
My love would muster thousand blushes up
To invade my guilty Cheeks, I must confess
I love him so as modesty and truth
Afford me warrant.

Chri. Tis ill done, and childishly so easily to impart
The treasure of your liberty, to keeping
Of a neglected stranger.

Eur. His owne worth
Deserves as noble knowledge here, as many
Who borrow titular glory from the dust
Of their forgotten Ancestours.

Chri. You defend him
Like a brave Championesse, as if you meant
T'ingage your dearest pawne of life and honour
In his protection.

Eur. Say I did, the even'st,
Though most strict justice would allow as lawfull
My honourable purpose.

Chri. Fie, you are lead on too wildly by your fancy sister,
It ill befits the greatnessse of your blood
To seeke to mixe its pure stremme with a poore
Regardlesse River.

Eur. He appeares to me
Broad in his owne dimentions as the sea,
Cleare as a brooke, whose Christall lips salute
Onely the freshest medowes : such a Creature

That

The Ladies Priviledge.

That were some cunning painter to expresse
An Angell cloath'd in humane shape, he might
From his derive a patterne.

Chri. But suppose my fancy
Should over-sway my judgement, to affect
Vitelli; sure your manners would allow me,
By willing resignation of your choyce,
The priviledge of my birth-right.

Eur. Would you urge
A claime so justly mine, because you view'd
The light two yeares before me : no *Chrisiea*.
Love's an unlimited passion, that admits
No Ceremonious difference : this prerogative
Should Queenes endevour, their unvalued Dowties
Are not of worth to purchase : and tho' here
As it befits me, I observe the distance
Due to your birth ; yet in loves sacred Court,
My place is high as yours, and there we may
Walke hand in hand together.

Chri. Doe not flatter
Your fancy with this vaine conceite : *Vitelli*
Must be no more yours ; Know I have enjoyn'd
The Generall *Doria* to engage his friend,
To imbrace my proffer'd love to him.

Eur. You strive,
Because you think my young and timerous flame
Unapt t' encounter brave *Vitelli*'s heat;
As cunning Nurses doe with foward Babes,
Fright them into an appetite : but say
All this were reall, thinke you *Doria* would
So easily be perswaded to renownce
His proper interest, and inthrall his friend
To an unwilling slavery?

Chri. By truth he has impawn'd his honour to endcavoir
What I have utter'd, gentle Girle consider
Loves unresisted violence, and beleeve
I would not have a rivall to usurpe
A corner in the Kingdome of that heart.

The Ladies Priviledge.

Of which i'me soveraigne, so farewell deere soule,
Consider ont. Exit.

Eur. Consider ont, why this is such an act,
Done by a cruell sister, as shall taint
That holy name with such a blacke reproach
That should a thousand pious Virgins weepe,
Rivers of teares, their most immaculate drops
Would not wash white her scandall haplesse girl,
That in loves tempests wert but lately lost;
And now recoverd in a calme art lost, — *Enter Laffantio.*

Laff. Madam the Duke intreats your instant company.

Eur. I shall attend his pleasure, good *Laffantio*.

If you can meet my Cosen *Bonivet*,
Desire him visite me. Exit. *Enter Doria.*

Dor. Noble *Laffantio*,

Y'are happily encounterd, I expected
My friend *Vitelli* here, this is his houre,
I wonder he is tardie.

Laff. Your Lordship prevents the time with speed, or else *Vitelli*
Has some impediment by businesse, sir. *Enter Vitelli.*
Y'are opportunely welcome to deliver
Your owne excuse, I was about to stretch
My invention for you.

Vit. Noble friend, your enemy had you ingagd your faith
To any personall meeting could expect you,
But at the minute, reason may dispense
Twixt us with such a nicety.

Laff. Now your friends
Arriv'd, I must beg licence to depart,
I have some vrgent businesse.

Dor. Good *Laffantio* your time's your owne.

Laff. I kisse your Lordships hand.

Exit.

Vit. Friend now wee're alone, I safely may
Speake my conjecture, I have read your looks,
And in their pensive Characters finde secret,
Strange signes of sadnessse.

Dor. I am sad indeed,
When my remembrance tells me I have only

The Ladies priviledge.

Verball assurance of your friendship.

Vit. Try me by any attempt, whose danger does surpass
The common path of daring, beet to snatch,
A firy boult when it from heaven comes wrap'd
In sheetes of lightning to afford true proofe
Of my affection, and with eager haste,
Such as inspires a husband to enjoy
His spouses virgine purity, ile runne
To the atchivement.

Dor. These are but protestts such as be got by ceremony, proceed
Not from intensive zeale, yet ile experience
The truth of your affection by a triall
Of such a noble and effectiue weight,
Which if you bravely doe support, you'l stand
As some tall Pyramid or Columne for
Your owne memoriall to tell after-times
The power and strength of friend ship.

Vit. Pray nam't, and 'twere a burden would orepresse the earth,
Ile be the able *Atlas* to sustaine
Heaven on my willing shoulders.

Dor. There is a Lady in whose each eye sits fire, & on her cheek
Victorious beauty captive to her smiles
Dances in lovely triumph, one who emblemes
The glory of mortality in each looke,
Contractsthe orbe of lustre to a glance,
Brandishes beames, whose purity dispence,
Light more immaculate then the gorgeous east,
Weares when the prostrate *Indian* does ad ore
Its rising brightnesse, yet this wonder doates
On you with such inevitable fervor
That I in pitty of her sufferings come
T'intreate you love her.

Vit. Whom my Lord?

Dor. You cannot appeare so strangely stupid not to acknow-
Creations miracle, when I point out (ledge
Her very figure you as well may seeme,
When the bleake North does with congealing blasts
Binde up the crisling streames in chaines of Ise,

The Ladies Priviledge:

Not to know Winter, ignorant of her
Who had she liv'd when superstitious mists
Shaded the world, more groves of gammes had fam'd,
T'her Divinest beauty, then to all
The race of idle deities: tis *Chrisaea*,
The faire *Chrisaea* loves you.

Vit. The faire *Chrisea*, your Lordship's merry.

Dvr. Doc you flight

What I deliver'd with that unfain'd zeale,
That penitents doe their prayers, I say, *Chrisca*,
A name whose every accent sweetlier sounds,
Then quires of *Syrens* sence bereaving notes,
Chrisca loves you infinitely above
Expressive termes; the Orators shoud strive
To paint her masculine fancy, and i'me bound
To pay this homage to her best content,
As to conjure you, by all sacred ties
Of honour, amity, and what else may serve
To inforce the indeerement with your noblest love
To gratifie her fancy. - *Vit.* No perswasion
Can make me thinke this serious, good my Lord,
Doe not you love *Chrisca*?

Dor. More then a babe does the kind Nurse that feedes it with
More then I doe my quiet, or the joyes (her blood,
Of ought but blest eternity ; *Vitelli*,
No other argument can more convince,
Suspition should it doubt my love : but this
That to procure her peace, I have confinde
The greatnesse of my passion, and give up
To thy dispose, a Iewell which the earth
And sea should both unlade their hidden wealth,
Should not have purchas'd from me.

Vit. These are arts to puzzle my conceits, my Lord
I'me no such punie in the Craft of love,
That I want braine to finde this drift, which is
As obvious to me as your eyes: now you
Are home return'd victorious, big with praise,
Laden with titles that sit heavier on you

The Ladies Priviledge.

Then your steele Corset in hot fight contemne,
Affinity with me, to whom y'ave heard
the faire *Eurione* has resign'd her heart,
And by this circumvention should I court
At your entreaties her sister might pretend
A righteous cause, for an unjust revolt,
For were it otherwise, ;your temper could not
Brooke your *Christea* change without a start
Into a sudden fury.

Dor. This language I understand not, by my honour friend,
This iteration may disperse your doubt,
I doe agen conjure you by all right
Friendship can challenge in you to affect
Christea nobly; shall I have your answer?

Vit. Nay then my Lord, since you are serious, freely I resume
The priviledge of my liberty; this body
I doe confessie your captive, and t'has sufferd
an honourable thraldome, but my minde
Remaines unbounded as the ayre or fire,
Are from their spheares, *Eurione* has wone
By the subduing valor of her lookes,
That in a field of fancy, not of blood,
And ere another shall usurpe her right,
In the defence ile dye her willing martyr.

Dor. I judg'd what serious value
your boasted friendship would retaine ith test,
Draw your bright weapon, know that I doe hate
Basenesse as much as cowardice: and since
You slight a Lady for whose pricelesse love
Kings might resigne their Crownes, and humbly fall
Like bare foot pilgrimes prostrate at the shrine
Offsuch a beauty, sure if in this sword,
Death has a residence your life shall finde it,
And not survive to boast the cruell triumph of her refusall.

Vit. Sir your sword cannot excite a trembling in my blood,
The glistring splendour cherishes my sight,
Like polish'd Chrystall, henceforth name of friend
Be no more known betwixt us then a dreame.

Thus

The Ladies Priviledge.

Thus I expire it, I may now regaine
My honour forfeited in the Generall cause
By this particular Combate. (not

Dor. Should my fate yield me the conquest, yet his death would
Beget *Christea*s quiet, but augment
Her griefe and hate against me : stay, forbear,
I feele a palsie in my veines, and cannot
Manage this little instrument of death,
My sinewes put on infancy agen
And have no vigor in them, oh *Vitelli*,
I am so full of passion, I have scarce
Roome left to vent a sigh, a mine of lead
Hangs on my heart, and with its weight has crack'd
The feeble courage.

Vit. Noble soule, his griefe
Workes more compunction in me, than his sword
Did suddaine anger ; could I grant what you
Request, no brand-markt slave should fulfill
Sooner his Masters most severe command,
Than I would yours ; but this abrogates all lawes
Of friendships duty : ify' ave vowd this act,
You may as safely disanull the Oath,
As should you in some desperate fury sweare
To be your fathers murtherer.

Dor. Bid me first renounce
My allegiance to my honour, sell my faith.
I owe my Native Country : my *Vitelli*,
I feele an humour in my braine, which strives
For passage at mine eyes, wilt see me weepe ?
Consider friend, denying my request
Thou dost undoe a Lady, who may claime
The priviledge of all hearts : depriv'st the world
Of such a jemme, that should old nature strive
To frame her second, it would quite exhaust
Her glorious treasury, then in her ruine :
My life and honour's forfeited, think this,
And were thy heart obdurate as a rocke
Of Adamant, this thought joyn'd with my teares

The Ladies Priviledge.

Would sooner than the blood of Goats dissolve it
To gentle softnesse.

Vit. Your eyes are moving advocates, they speake
Such an o're-flowing Language, that my love
Then in its owne cause a most partiall Judge,
Allowes my mercy freedome to pronounce
Sentence on your side : you have prevail'd,
Ile serve *Chrisaea*, as her pleasure shall
Dispose my will and fortune.

Dor. I beginne to feele my spirits quicken, and my blood
Receive its noble temper ; deare *Vitelli*,
Thy noblenesse does prompt thee to an act
Shall write thy friend ship higher in the lists
Of sacred amity, than mothers loves.
Go to my best *Chrisaea*, she expects
To know by thee the truth of my successe,
Tell her I am more happy in her blisse,
Than if I had enjoy'd her constant love :
So leave me love, I may perhaps transgresse
Man-hood agen, and shouldest thou see me weepe
Twice, thou wouldest judge my former flood of teares
A feigned passion.

Vit. Your Genius guard you ; thus I apply
Balme to his wounds, while I doe bleeding dye.

Ex.

Enter Bonivet.

Bon. Noble Generall, I come to gratulate the happy choyse
Y'ave made in faire *Chrisaea* ; she's a Lady,
That though she were a stranger to my blood,
My judgement would allow as rich a vertue
As ever glorifi'd the sexe.

Dor. 'Twould be a sacrilegious errour not to admit
Your Character for truth, but in our loves
A thousand hidden causes doe produce
Alternate changes, my returne has setled
My thoughts on new resolves, and I must suite
My affections to them,

Bon.

The Ladies Priviledge.

Bon. How? perhaps because
You are return'd triumphant with your bayes,
Growing upon your brow, you doe reject
The love before you su'd for, tis not noble
So to abase a Lady, whose bright fame,
Although untainted as a Christall rocke,
Must passe a popular censure, if you, who
Did with such earnestnesse pretend her match
Should on the suddaine scorne it.

Dor. I'me not bound
To give you reasons why; but know my mind,
Which your contesting cannot alter's fixt
On what I have related.

Bon. I must then tell you
You doe defame the opinion of that worth
The world does credit in you: this affront,
Should all her other friends sit idle gazers
On her disgrace, should stirre me to attempt
An ample satisfaction from your heart,
Though you had multitudes of greater glories
Heap'd on your head, or were defenc'd with legions
To affright me from the adventure.

Dor. Sir, your courage is juster than your quirrell, doe you think
I weare a sword onely for ornament;
And though our yeares declare us equalls, yet
My education was i'th' trade of warre.
Tis my profession to infranchise soules
From prisons of their flesh, and would be loath
Cause you have interest in Chriseas blood,
Your passion should betray you to the fury
Of my incensed wrath.

Bon. All discourse is tedious to me, sure the world's abus'd
With report of your valour, men who commit
Afronts they dare not answer, use excuse
In moderation of them, I expected
I should have met an adversary of you,
Of temper hot as lightning, and as bold
As Lyons vext with hunger, and I finde you

The Ladies Priviledge.

A tame dege nerate Coward:

Dor. All respect of love and pitty hence: *fight.*
Beare up, my steele
Has prickt your breast; I would not have you dye
Chriscaus Martyr.

Bon. I've puld untimely ruine on mee, I'me hurt,
I feare to moitall danger: Noble Generall,
See me conducted to *Last anties* house,
There I shall get a Surgeon.

Dor. Noble young man,
Muster thy strongest spirits up: I am one
Of Fortunes pastimes; yesterday return'd,
Advanc'd to heaven by the peoples breath,
To day hurl'd downe into the abyss'e of death. *Ex.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Chrisca, and Corimba.

Chri. Came none yet from the Generall?

Cor. No insooth Madam; I protest your sister
If she continue in these suddaine fits,
Will so undoe her face, that all my art
Can never rectifi't; shee weepes, as if
She might as easily be supply'd with eyes
As with new dressings, ile be sworne, I tooke
As hearty paines to cut a handsome heart;
And though I say't it was a pretty one
As e're was made of Taffaty, to grace her Cheek,
And never trust me if I lye to you,
Her teares has wash'd her heart away.

Chr. Th'art still

The Ladies Priviledge.

In these impertinent discourses : what's the cause
My sister is so prodigall of her griefe,
To let thee see her vent it ?

Cor. Why Madam, I have seene a Lady weepe,
Besides your sister, and have wept my selfe too,
I never shall forget the time ; I could
Een cry agen to thinke on't ; twas at the death
Of your fine little Iewell : never Lady
Nurst such a dainty puppy, but hee's gone,
And farewell he ; I will not give a rush
For any woman cannot use her eyes
With as much liberty as her tongue, these fooles,
These loving Ideots men for three forc'd drops
Will mollifie like wax, and be made apt
For any impression.

Enter Vitelli.

Chr. Vitelli you are wellcome, I suppose
Your busynesse has been urgent, we expected
Your presence sooner, howsoever now
Tis grateful hither.

Cor. My young Lady shall
Have notice of s arrivall, perhaps his sight
Will cheere her drooping spirits.

Ex.

Vit. Madam, my friend
The Generall, does by me tender his best
and truest service to you, he has sent me
Prompt, to fulfill the nicest poynt of duty
Your pleasure casts upon me.

Chri. Sir, the Generall is so just in his proceeding, I must ever
Esteeme him truely Noble, though I should
Banish him my affection.

Vit. I could wish
The sweetnesse of your vertue would vouchsafe
To lay a reclamation of your love :
Had you but seene with what ambitious haste,
With what extreame perswasions he endeavour'd

The Ladies Priviledge.

The satisfaction of your will, you could not
Fancy a change from one so worthy.

Chri. No? not to enjoy your selfe?

Vit. Me Madam;

No equall eye can parallell my poore
Regardlesse merit, with the glorious worth
Which does as farre transcend mine in desert,
As't does in eminence of fortune.

Chri. Sir your modesty
Extenuates your owne worthinesse, to bestow
A large addition on your friends, my judgement
Has ballanc'd bath, and has concluded which
Ought to be held most noble, I doe honour
True constancy in men, pray tell me sir,
For it concernes me neerely, did you ever
Fervently love my sister?

Vit. To include,

(All strength of humane zeale) as *Doria* does adore
Your excellent beauty, with a heat
Holy as soules in deepest fancy
Their sainted fellowes.

Chri. And can you extinguish
So great a flame so easily, can entreats,
So soone subdue your temper? if your truth
Be of this wavering quality, how shall I
Receive assurance of it?

Vit. The vow

I made, my friend secures it, thinke not Madam
That both my parents with perswasive prayers,
Could have enforc'd me violate my faith
To faire *Eurione*, but when my friend,
My honor'd friend to whom I owe my life,
As tenant to his, bounte did in teares,
A souldiers teares whose every drop prevails,
More then a captive princiße, plead the losse
Of his owne life, my gratiude did vanquish
Passion, and forc'd me tear even from my soule
Euriones affection.

Chri.

The Ladies Priviledge.

Chri. You are just
In your determination.

Enter Eurionas

Vit. Blesse me friendship,
And with thy white wings overshadē my heart,
Or here descends a Saint will dispossesse thee
Of the accustom'd shrine, a barke enclos'd,
Twixt two encountring tides is not more tost
Then I twixt striving passions, while a friend,
I cannot be a lover.

Eur. Vitelli am I in your opinion lost? my sister
Relates so sad a wonder, that if truth,
I am undone for ever.

Vit. Harke she speakes too,
A tempting language; such was our first mothers voyce,
While she was innocent, deeere Ladies would
I could divide my selfe, for being one,
I cannot on the Theater of my minde,
At both a friend and lover, that two names
Of so intire affinity should occasion
So manifest a diffension, in a soule
That would be true yet is inforc'd, though loath,
To forfeit one, or to be false to both.

Chri. My expectation did not
Sage this softnesse in you, I had thought
You had come furnish'd with a full resolve
To act your friends request.

Vit. Yet I must needs
Speake in a cause so moving; Madam thinke
How much more noble tis in you to save,
Then to destroy; behold three bleeding hearts
Imploring pitty from you, mine, your sisters,
And your adorer *Dorias*, which one word
Of yours would ransome from approaching death,
Oh be not sparing of that breath, 'twill sound
In the just eares of heaven more sweet then prayers
Offerd by Cloyster'd virgins, of resumē
Your native charity, and fulfill my suite,
And in requitall of that sacred grant.

The Ladies Priviledge.

Time shall depend like summer on your brow,
And your whole life be one continued youth.
Such were the springs in Paradise, and when
You passe to be a sharer in heavens blisse,
Virgins and innocent lovers spotlesle teares,
Hardned to peare by the strōnge heatē of fighes,
Shall be your monument.

Chr. This whole discourse
Should you inlarge it to a volumne, cannot
Alter my meanest thought, I only wish you
As you are noble to respect your honour;
That's all my answer.

Exit.

Eur. But doe you meane
Vivell, to performe what *Daria* has enjoyn'd you.

Vit. I shall melt
Into a willing pitty, if the flame
Of friend ship did not with its effectuall heat,
Dry up loves moyture: deere Madam he
That has commanded me this deathfull taskē,
Claims such a lawfull Interest in my life,
That spight of my affection, I must yield
To his resistlesse will: yet I will love you
So far as honour g̃ives me warrant, and
Wish you the best of women, the best joyes
Happinesse can impart to you: farewell,
'Tis a befitting gratitudo to give
That life a being; by whose guift I live. *Exit.*

Eur. sorrowes flow high; griefe unto griefe succeed,
Wounds are more dangerous which doe inward bleed. *Exit.*

Enter Adorni, and Frangipan.

Ador. Come let not this dishearten you, your French
Is a thing easily gotten, and when you have it,
As hard to shake it off, runnes in your blood,
As 'twere your mother language; but there is
An obseruation farre more necessary
T' improve your judgement, still let your discourse

Concerne

The Ladies Priviledge.

Concernce the forraigne businesse, and be sure
To applaud out-landish fashions, and take off from
What is native, as if you shall heare
Any commend the Genoa garbe, or state
Answer in France, in Naples, or in Spaine,
No Matter where, so it be farre enough
From hence, they are more politicke, more witty;
Every way more deserving, this will speake
Infinitely judicious, when to praise
Our owne domesticke manners, is as if
A man should praise himselfe, and be accounted
A selfe conceited gul for't.

Fran. Very good, this is a rule I le put in practice I,
Thanks to my inclination can speake ill
Of my owne father signior.

Adr. Signior; still you betray your ignorance, why signior,
Mounquier has a farre more airy and harmonious sound,
There's musicke in the letters, still polish your phrase
With particles of language, which till I've taught you
Perfectly answer with a shrug or nod,
Or any forraigne gesture, such a silence
Will be esteem'd for gravity, and become you better
Then volubility of speech does some
Whose tongues are gentlemen ushers to their wits,
Still going before it, and when you doe speake,
Let it not be, as now you doe of newes
Abroach ten daies before, and quite drunke of;
But what affaires are acted then in France,
What in the English Court and still remember
T extoll 'hem infinitely, and if any answer
Comparatively with our owne a serious laughter,
Will not become you ill, to shew how much
You slight their error.

Fran. Better still, I like this slighting humour infinitely, but
If they should talke of our Italian dames, (how
I'me bound to be their Champion, for I've heard
Strangers report, and I hold their opinion,
Our Curtezans excell all other Nations.

The Ladies Priviledge.

Ador. That shew'd those strangers judgements, and confirm'd
What I would have you understand in *England*,
Where publicke houses are prohibited :
There are the bravest Lasses, here some *Donsells*
That was the last night yours, shall for two Ducats
To morrow be a Saylers : when there
Your Citizens wives, girtles fresh as ayre, and wholesome
As pretious *Candy* wives will meet their Gamsters,
At a convenient Taverne, rob their husbands
Without a scruple, and supply their friends,
While the good innocent Cuckolds pay a price
For their owne horning.

Fran. Excellent, excellent

Geno., I doe defie thy costive girtles,
Ile henceforth love these English sparkes of gold :
Would I were there : it should goe hard but I
Would graft on their Aldermens Coxecombs.

Ador. Th'are grafted fast already sir, besides
They ne're get Children, but their Hench boyes on
Their Sergeants wives, after some City feast,
When the provoking spirit of White broath, and
Custard enflames their blood : what *Genoa* Burgesse
Dares be so boldly courag'd : Ile tell you,
And marke how base and lordid it appeares
To have our Cellers stuff'd with Corlike Wines :
Yet for this foolish sinne eald Temperance,
Tantalize, and nere taste it, while your Dutch,
Your noble-spirited German will carrouse
A score of Goblets to provoke this stomacke
To's bread and Butter ; doe nothing but by discrete
Counsell of drinke, not match his daughter to
A man he sees not drunke first, scarce say's prayers
Till he be full of liquor, which enflames
The minde to generous actions.

Fran. Commend 'hem, and will be glad to imitate.

Ador. Your English
Deserves as large applause, who to say truth,
Out-drinks the Dutch, as is the common proverb,

The Ladies Priviledge.

The Dutch-man drinks his buttons off, the English
Doublet and all away, then marke their carriage:
If two fall out and strike, and be by company,
Parted ; though one weares in his face the badge
Of his dishonour, which excites him to
As brave revenge, not daunts him : for he'll straight
Call out his enemy to a single Duell,
Scorning his life ; concerning the Lands lawes,
Which doe forbid those combats, and ne're part
Till one be slaine, and the survivour sure
As death to hang for't.

Fran. Excellent, I love a man that cares not for hanging.

Ador. Then to their further glory, which takes off
All the disgrace of halter, they are sure
Ere they be scarce cold, to be Chronicled
In excellent new Ballads, which being sung
Ith' streets 'mong boyes and girles; Colliers, and Carmen,
Are bought as great memorials of their fames,
Which to perpetuate, they are commonly stuck up,
With as great triumph in the tipling houses,
As they were scutchions.

Fran. Better : yet I'de give
A hundred Ducats to be chronicled
In such a historiall Canto : who composes them ?

Ador. They have their speciall Poets for that purpose,
Such as still drinke small Beere, and so are apt
To spit out lamentable stusse : then for their cloathes
They hate a cut domestike, but imitate
The French precisely gallants, weare their long
Parisian Breeches, with five poynts at knees,
Whose tagges concurring with their harmonious spurres
Afford rare musicke ; then have they Doublets
So short ith' waste, they seeme as 'twere begot
Vpon their Doublets by their Cloakes, which to save stusse
Are but a yeaeres growth longer than their skirts ;
And all this magazine of device is furnish'd
By your French Tayler : what Country man is yours ?

Fran. A Genoese,

Ador.

The Ladies Priviledge.

Ador. Fie, change him Monsieur,
You have heard a Spanish Count's
Lately arriv'd, without any advice, how'd you salute him?

Fran. Thus sir, after our Italian fashion.

Ador. That's too vulgar;
You must accost him thus with a stately face,
As if your beard had beene turn'd up that morning
By advice of all the Barbers in the City,
As you had dress'd you in a Looking-glasse,
Proper to none but the Dukes privy Counsellors:
Pronounce your *Besolos manas* with a grace,
As if you were the sonne and heire, apparent
To th' Adelantado of Castile.

Enter Ladantio.

Lact. Adorni, this is no time for mirth,
Your noble General has slain Lord Bonivet,
And for the act is a prisoner.

Ador. Dares the state bereave him of his liberty,
Without whose most unwearied valour,
It had beene betray'd to slavery?

Lac. You know Lord Bonivet's alliance to the Duke.

Ador. Alliance, death a thousand Bonivets,
And Dukes and States, weigh not
A scruple poyson'd with his full-worth.

Lac. He's to be tryed i'th' morning without noysse,
For feare of mutiny, and tis suppos'd
That if some virgin Lady doe not claime
Her priviledge, and begge his life, he'll suffer.

Fran. If the maid that begges must be above fifteene,
Tis shrewdly doubted where she'll be found.

Ador. All our virgins ought, if they have vertue, to contend
For such a glory; but if all be squeamish,
May all the daughters of our best Burgers runne
Away with soildiers, and become Sutlers wives.

Fran. Or else when they have a masculine itch upon 'em,
And would taste man, may they be wed to Eunuchs.

Lact.

The Ladies Priviledge.

Lass. else be forc'd to keepe their maiden-heads
Till they be musty and not marchantable
To younger brothers with additions of wealthy portions.

Fran. May they when they would strive to mend their faces
to allure a suitor, want paint and blacke-patches to stoppe the
Crannies of their Cheeke; may their Poinattu n bee mixt with
Hogs-grease, that they may be abominable even in the nose of
Iewes: may the green-sicknesse raigne in their bloods, and may
they be debar'd of oate-meale, and clay-wall, and fall to Rats-
bauc.

Ador. May their parents turne most precise precisions,
And forbid em the sight of playes, or they may never
Dance unlesse be to a bag-pipe or a Crowd.

Fran. May they want silkes for gownes, and if they seeke
Supply from Naples, let them instead, be furnish'd
With their Disease; may Millaners breake and Feather-men,
May my Aunt dye suddenly, and bury with her
All her devises; may there be no Earth
Found to make looking-glasses, that they come to use of
Kitchen-wENCHES, dresse their heads by the reflexion of a
Paire of water, or in a pewter chamber-vessell.

Ador. *Lactantio,* let's go wayte the Generall
In prison, 'twould be base should we neglect him in
His extremity.

Exeunt.

Enter *Doria*, and *Sabelli*.

Dor. Is it confirm'd hee's dead? *Hast* *gotten* *the* *good* *new*s
Sab. The generall voyce
Divulges so ith' City; and the Duke
Has sent an order which commands you forth.
I'th morning to your tryall: my deare Lord
I hope the service you have done the State
Abroad, will here at home secure your life
From the Lawes violent Rigour.

Dor. Yes poore boy,
If thou mightst be thy masters judge *Sabelli*,
I am at the period of my fate, and would not
Have thee a sad spectator of my fall
At home, whom thou so oft hast waited on

The Ladies priviledge.

Abroad in triumph, therefore gentle heart,
Returne home to thy mother, and survive
To serve a happier master.

Sab. My noble Lord
Have I so often followed you, when death
Attended on each step, when every hurt
That scar'd your noble body, I have wish'd
Imprinted on my flesh, and with my teares,
Even drown'd the purple deluge of your wounds,
That as my truth and loyalties reward,
I must be turn'd away unkindly, when
My last and justest service might declare
My zeale to you my master ; Oh sir,
You more afflict my innocence with these words,
Then if sad truth had brought me the report
Of my owne mothers funerall, and should you
Enforce me leave you, the succeeding care,
And labour of my life should be consum'd
In a perpetuall weeping.

Dor. Good Sabelli
Cease this afflicting language lest I grow as
Childish as thy selfe, and burst into teates
To beare thee company.

Sab. Besides my Lord,
When your blest soule does on immortall wings
Arrive at heaven who shall attend it there, the
Saints and Angels will esteeme themselves
Worthy to be your fellowes, while my poore
And humble Ghost would reckon it a blisse
To waite on you, as carefully as when
We liv'd on earth together, deere my Lord,
Let me dy with you, death, and I have beene
Play-fellowes these many yeares, he'l only bring me
To rest as pleasing to my fense as sleepe
After a tedious watching.

Dor. This kinde passion shakes my
Molt masculine temper ; heere Sabelli
Accept this Gold, these Jewells, as the last.

The Ladies Priviledge.

Gift of thy perishing Lord, thou shalt accept 'em;
If the law doe not passe upon my life,
Ile send for thee agen, I prethee leave me,
I would be private, and thy presence does
Disturbe my serious thoughts.

Sab. Nay then tis time for
Me thewretched st soule on earth to take
My lasting farewell of you; all the joyes
Ofblest eternity in stead of my
Desertlesse service; waite upon your life;
You ne're shall view your boy agen, for sure if your
Light be extinguish'd, my weake flaine
Cannot continue burning; give me licence
To kisse your honour'd hand, and to let fall
A parting drop or two: and now farewell
For ever noble Lord; that greefe appeares most true,
That's writ in blood as well as teares. *Exit.*

Dor. Poore boy; I have not yet deserv'd so ill
But my untimely fate excites some pitty.
Adorni, thou art come to see the last
And greatest of thy Generals actions,
Which like a cunning and well manag'd scenc,
not till the period will disclose the plot
Of my lifes Tragedy.

*Enter Adorni,
Laclantio, and
Frangipan.*

Ador. Your life my Lord;
Death dare not venture to invade it, and
The state as soone will call the enemy
Into their City, as pretend the least
Danger to their supporting Columne, which
Should it but shake, it might dismantle their
Best Bulwarkes, burne their Navy, and surrender
Themselves to present slavery.

Last. The Duke,
Though he did hold his kinsman deere, will value
The publique good before his private ruine.

Fran. Let the Duke doe his worst, and all the state
Stand on Pontilios, I can fetch a Lady
Of excellent quality shall beg your Lordship,

The Ladies Priviledge.

He make her doo't poornesse, and gaunting will be the
Ador. Nay, Should all fayle you sir,
Should the States angers, and the Dukes partiall sentence,
The peoples malice bandy to surprize
The treasure of your life; know you have friends
Would fixe the heads of halfe the Towne upon me
Their Lances poynts, ere your least drop of blodd
Should be diminished.

Dor. Gentlemen, I thank you
All your loves; but know the shape of Death
Is not ougly to me, but if justice
Contract me to the monster, I shall court it
As 'twere some beauteous Bride; and think the Axe
That like the Priest, unites me to a Spouse
That will not play the woman and revole.
Come Gentle men let's in, braye soules doe hate, don't
To be dejected by the force of Fate.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Chrisea, Enrione, Vitelli.

Chri. I Am very sorry that his Fate has cast
Such a disastrous chance upon his Life;
But his desert will blunt the edge of justice,
And mitigate the severity, which would
Question the safety of his Life.

Vit. Tis in your mercy
To dash the Lawes proceedings, gracious Madam,
The Priviledge that our Country gives your Sexe,
Can hope for no imployment, that will rayse
A greater Trophée to your fame, then this
To ransome him, whose constancy and truth
Exceeds all boast of Stories.

Enr. You'll redeeme
The opinion of your piety, which scandall,
Should you omit this just and righteous taske,
Would blast with blackest infamy.

Chri.

Chri. You plead in your owne cause, not his; t'does not be seem
My modesty to interpose my selfe
In that which nought concernes me.

Vit. Is his life

Offsuch a triviall value in your thoughts,
That you esteem't not worthy your intreats,
To sav't from killing, ruine, sacred love,
Thou miracle of Mature, and delight
Of all who know humanity with some
Religious arrow pierce her flinty breast,
Some pious shaft, on whose subduing point
Pity and amorous softnesse gently sit,
Reduce this straying Schismaticke to the first
Vnspotted purenesse of her constant faith,
And we will pay a thousand clouds of sighes,
As incense to thy Altars.

Eur. Offer up

Miriads of virgin vowes and with our teares
Extinguish all irregular flames that taint
Thy holy fries.

Vit. Oh Madam

What heart so barbarous, does not at loves smiles
Put off the native fiercenesse, beasts with beasts,
Observe his lawes; the Lyons whose big breath
Affrights the trembling people of the woods,
Were his hoarse accents to be understood,
They would appeare to be affections groves.
The Nightingale that on lascivious wings
Flies from the poplar to the trembling Beech,
And on each bough chaunts melancholy notes,
Had he a humane utterance, would proclaim
Those pensive strains, the musicke of his love;
And can yee be lesse sensible of a power,
That is so great, then creatures bard the use
Of sacred reason, and discourse?

Chri. This is to seeke to pacifie the sea
With teares; *Vitelli* you mistike, your friend
Values not at so deere a rate his life,

The Ladies Priviledge.

As to receive a being tributary
To my unask'd entreats, besides I should.
Envy the states prerogative, whose mercy
Is in remitting his unwilling fault,
But a becomming thankefulnessie, and should
Be censur'd, as too partiall to my owne
Affection should I strive to be his wife,
Whose hand is purpled with the innocent blood
Of my late murdered kinsman.

Eur. This concernes

As neerely me as you, but by just tru' h,
Though I'me ingag'd by my particular choyce
To my Vitelli, were I sure the Generall
Would not contemne my offer, and so blast
My future fame, I would disclaime all tyes
Of former fancy; and implore his safety.

Fit. This is a sweetnesse

Which I cold wish you, what has begot
This strange desertion of your faith, true love,
Being once receiv'd iuto the soule converts
Into its very essence, does become
The same eternall substance, can you then
Teare from the tender Cabinet of your brest
Your very heart? this cruelty exceeds
The depth of tyranny; but rest assur'd,
If Doria suffer by your proud contempt,
I'me freed then from my promise, and will sooner
Wat me an empoysoning Scorpion in my armes,
Then yeeld my meanest thought to you who are
By evident circumstance, though not by fact,
My friend the Generalls murd resse.

Ch-i This Vitelli

Is not a meanes to winne me to your friend,
But more avert me from him, it inflames
My minde with holier fire to Court your love;
There is an evident beauty in your soule,
Equall to truest honor, I will cherish
This bravery in you, if your masculine fancy

Engages

The Ladies Priviledge.

Engages you thus constant, to a friend,
You'll be a loyall husband, fare you well,
Be still thus noble, and be happy.

Exit.

Eur. My sister
Has lost all sence of pitty ; deere *Vitelli*,
There is no wretchednesse oppressing earth
Equall to ours, love thus the Tyrant playes,
Afflicting innocence by unusuall waies.

Exeunt.

Enter Doria as a prisoner, Laflantio, Adorni, to them Trivulci, Senators, Officers, and Attendants.

Ador. Tis like your selfe my noble Lord, but see
The Duke approaching, let your soule expect
An equall hearing.

Offic. Beare backe, roome for the Duke and Senate, what
Cuckold's that would have his Coxcoimbe broake? beare backe
Tri. Cite in the prisoner. (there.)

Offic. Hee's here my Lord.

Tri. I'me sorry that
You for whose head the gratitude of the state
Decreed triumphant bayes should be enforc'd
To stand here a delinquent, but the law
Must as a streight and uncorrupted streme
Enjoy its usuall freedome, my Lords,
We are not met here to arraigne a prisoner,
Whose guilt does speake his sentence, but a person
Not only most unblemish'd in his fame,
But one to whom our country owes its life :
Who with his dearest blood has balm'd the wounds
Which michiefes giant-off-springs, raysing warre,
Cut in the bosome of the common-wealth.

Sen. We all confess his worth,

Tri. Yet this brave youth,
This patron of our liberty, all his honours,
His blood and titles, his defensive bayes.

That

The Ladies Priviledge.

(That would have guarded his victorious front
From blasts of lightning) laid aside, is come
To tender satisfaction to the lawes,
He has offended, and since judgement is
The immediet act of Justice, it must passe
To save i:npartiall censure on his life,
As on the wretched'st malefactors ; for
His former merits cannot take away
His present fault; for who ere is guilty
Vndoes the priviledge of his desert and blood ;
For if great men offend ing passe unpunish'd,
The common people who doe use to sinne,
By their example fearlesse, will runne on
Into licencious wickednesse.

Sen. Your grace delivers
The intension of the state, no oracle
Could have explain'd the meaning of our lawes
With more integrity.

Tri. Yet my good Lords,
I speake not this, that my particular vengeance,
Because flew he my kinsman, has the least
Ayme at his life, which I would strive to cherish
As my owne health, or as the Cities peace,
For Magistrates ought to behold their crimes,
Not the committers, as the Poets faine
Of wise Tyresias, to want eyes, and only
Have seeing understanding, for a judge
Is guilty of the fault he does not punish,
And if rewards and triumphs doe adorne
Deserts tis just that shame and punishments
Should wait on vices, and how much more worthy
The person is that acts them, so farre sharper
Should be the penalty inflicted on him.

Sen. And when the law
Uses its utmost rigor, tis the crime,
And not the man it sentences.

Tri. In briefe We must
Decline his merit, and forget

The Ladies Priviledge.

Our gratitude, and since his hand is dipt
In civill blood, his life must expiat what
His arme unfortunately committed.

Dor. My Lords,

The services which I have done the state,
Were but my naturall duty, *I* atchieved 'em
To gaine me fame and glory, and you safety, and
Should esteeme them Traytors to honour, if their intercession
Be a protection for my crimes, I meane not
To plead to save a dis-respected life,
Caule I feare death, a sea incompaſt'd rocke
Is not leſſe timerous of the assaulting waves,
Then I of the grimme monster, but there is
A fame surviving which I would be loath,
Should tell posterity I tamely yeelded
My head to th' Axe, and dyed because my spirit
Durst not desire to live to quit this scandall,
I hope what I can urge in my defence
Shall have indifferent hearing.

Tri. Speake freely.

Dor. Know then my intention
Is not by excuse to extenuate my fact,
Which I confesse most horrid, and woud pay
A thousand showers of sorrow, could this hand
Reedifie that goodly fram of flesh
Whiche it demolisht, but my pricelesse fame,
In whose deere cause I slew him, will to justice
Boldly proclame, *I* did no more then what
The truth / owe my reputation tells me,
Was right in poynſt of honor.

Tri. But the law

Does disallow it as unjust, and that
Must be your judge, and not that idle breath
Which you abusively terme honor.

Dor. Your lawes cannot without partiality pronounce
Iudgement against me, for they doe acquit
That man of guilt that to defend his life
Is forc'd to slay his enemy ; my act

The Ladies priviledge.

Carries the same condition, since my fame,
Whose safety urg'd me to kill him, is my life,
My immortall life, as farre transcending this
As the soule does the body, for the sword,
Returnes that to its primitive matter dust,
And there it rests forgotten, but a wound
Strucke upon reputation, leaves a brand,
So selfe diffusive is dishonors guilt,
Even to posterity, and does revive
After t' has sufferd martyrdome:

Sen. Yet this

Cannot excuse your fact, for civill reason
Allowes a reparation for the losse
Of fame, but gives no man a lawfull licence
To snatch the priviledge from the hands of justice,
Which would dispose it equally.

Dor. This strictnesse destroys all
Right of manhood, since a coward
May fearefully relying on this suffrage
Of Law affront even valor's selfe, consider
That the most cunning Pilot cannot steere mans
Brittle vessell 'twixt these dangerous Rocks
Of law and honor safely, sayle by this,
And on that suffer shipwracke, for suppose
I had with patience borne this scandalous name
Of a degenerate coward, I not only had
Nip'd the budding valor of my youth,
As with a killing frost, but left a shame inherent
To our family, disgrac'd
My noble fathers memory, defam'd
Nay cowarded my Ancestors, whose dust,
Would 'a broke through the Marbles, to revenge
To me this fatall infamy.

Ador Well urg'd, and resolutely.

Dor. Nay more, your selves
That hate the deed being done, would have detested
The doer worse had it not beene perform'd
Withdrawne my chardge ith' army; as from one

The Ladies Priviledge.

Protested for a coward, I might then
Have abjur'd the trade of warre, in which I have beone nus'd,
Yet for preseruing this unvalued jemme
Of pretious honour that hangs on my soule,
Like a well polish'd Iewell in the eare,
Of the exactest beauty, must I suffer
The lawes sterne rigor.

Tri. Sir I should refute

With circumstance your wrong opinion, but in briefe,
Religious conscience, utterly disclaimes
An act so barbarous to take mans life,
Is to destroy Heavens Image, and if those
Are held as Traytors, and the law inflicts
Severest tortures on them, who deface
The stamps of Princes in their coyne, can they appeare,
As guiltlesse whose rude hands disgrace
The great Creators Image, and commit
Treason 'gainst awfull nature; Oh my Lord!
Collect your serious temper, and put off
The over weening fantasies of youth,
Consider what a vaine deluding breath
Is reputation, if compar'd with life.
Thinke that an idle, or detracting word
May by a faire submission (which our lawes
Of honor doe require it will enforce)
Be wash'd away, but the red guilt of blood
Sticks as a blacke infection to the soule,
That like an Aethiop cannot be wash'd white,
Thinke upon this, and know I must with grieve
pronounce your fatall sentence. —

*A shone within.
Enter Corimba
and Frangipan.*

Fran. Doe you heare Generall, Ile tell you newes, you were in
Jeopardy to have had your little weason slit; but I pronounce
The happy word, be safe, his peccce of beauty,
By my perswasions does intend to take
The edge of law off, and become your wife,
True and inseparabla;

Cor. With reverence to this presence, my good Lords,
Know that I come not urg'd by heate of youth.

The Luckies Priviledge.

Fra. Tis true Ile heare her witnessesse.

Cor. Or any wanton or unchast desire
To beg this gentleman for my husband, neither
To raise my felte a fortune by the match,
But mov'd in charity, and provok'd in minde,
With pitty to behold a man so proper,
Brought to an end untimely, by a death
So scandalous to honour as the Axe,
I come to crave our priviledge, and desire him
For my most lawfull husband.

Tri. Gentle mayd

Your piety does prompt you to an act
That shall engage your country to erect
A statue to your memory, though I could not
Dispence with justice, yet since there's a meanes
Without the lawes infringement, to preserve him,
I doe rejoice as much as if my sonhe
Had scap'd apparent danger : goe on and prosper
In your designe.

Dor. Doe you thinke because I pleaded
For my honours life,
I doate so much upon this idle breath,
As to preserv't with infamy, dispose
This womanish priviledge to submissive slaves,
Know that I hate a being that depends
Upon anothers bounty more then death,
At which my soule does, like an Eagle stretch its
Silver wings, and ore the monsters head
Will make flight at heaven ; pray sir proceed
To judgement suddenly, delay begets
More tortors in me then your sentence.

Cor. What doe you meane sir, pray let me understand you
Better, looke upon me, I am no woman to be slighted.

Fra. She's not ashamed to shew her face, marry her Uncle, that
I may call you so.

Sen. To wed this figure, is a farre greater punishment then
Death.

Ador. Nere stand on tearmes, but marry her, and free your
selfe

The Ladies Priviledge.

selfe, and trust to me, you shall not want a mistresse has better colours in her face.

Dor. Corimba,

I' me much engag'd to your officious haste,
And pay you many thankes, conceive not that
I doe contemne your person or dislike
The meanness of your match, for were your beauty
Created for a miracle, and adorn'd
With the addition of a fortune ampler,
Then that perfection, I should crave a licence
To tell your modesty I am prepar'd
Rather for death then Nuptialls, and no strength
Of prayers and beauty, shall have power to tempt me
From my fixt resolution.

Tri. This is madnesse not courage *Doria.* (rightly,

Cor. Sir I must tell you, you know not how to use a woman
Perhaps tis bashfulnesse, take courage sir,
I have reserv'd my deere virginity
This fifty yeares for such a pious purpose,
And should you slight me now, I should forswear
Good purposes hereafter: gentlemen perswade him,
Sure he cannot chuse but melt
At your entreaties.

Tri Will you then pull your ruine on; that seeks Recorders.
Thus easily to flye from you; Justice calls Enter Vitelli,
On me to give your sentence — new interruptions and Sabelli,
It is the voyce of musicke, and presages as a Lady.
An Omen as harmonious as its notes,
Approach faire troops of Virgins, here's subject,
Fit for your maiden pity. Virgins.

Cor. Tis time for mee to take my farewell, these may bee beauties, perhaps my Lady may bee one, adiew sir; you may be offer'd worse.

Ex. Cor. and Fran.

Sab. My honour'd Lord,
The charity I owe my native country,
That in the ruine of this brave young man,
Would suffer infinitly, has forc'd us strive
With earely zeale first to present our duties

The Ladies Priviledge.

For his redemption, 'mong ten thousand Virgins
That would attempt it, and my true affection
Has wonne this favour from my fellowes, that
To me they yield their interest, which I claime
As my desir'd prerogative.

Tri. Tis an act the State will thanke you for; unwaile your selfe,
That we may know to whom we owe our gratitude,
A most excelling beauty, such an eye
Would tempt religious coldnesse to a flame,
Thaw Ages chilly frost, at such a cheeke
The Spring might take a patterne to create,
A most accomplish'd freshnesse; in her looks,
Are modest signes of innocence, such as Saints
Weare in their liveliest counterfeits: *Doria*, here
A Lady begs you, whom if you refuse,
The times would blacke you with the hatefull title
Of your owne wilfull murther; take her to you
And live a fortunate husband.

Dor. Noble maid, my misery is so extreame a sinne,
It cannot meet your bounty without breach
Of vowes; which should I violate, would pull
Eternall torments on me; keep your beauty
For one whose soule, free as the ayre he breaths,
Can yield a mutuall fancy to your flame,
And not destroy his honour, for your goodnesse
Since my expir'd date, cannot yield you thanks
Worthy the boundlesse merit of your love,
If there can be a gratitude after death
Expres'd by prayers, my soule in heaven shall pay it
To your kind charity.

Sab. Oh my Lord,
I did expect this answer, my poore worth
Cannot deserve your value; yet there is
A constant purity in my thoughts, that intend you
So much of Blisse, that had your safety no
Dependance on my suit, it would be deem'd
Most cruell to contemne me, I have lov'd you
These many yeare; wish'd you as many glories

The Ladies Priviledge.

As I have number'd dayes, have vow'd I never
Will marry any man, but your blest selfe my Lord,
Should you neglect the justnesse of my request,
Besides the danger waiting on your life,
A thousand Virgins, whose unspotted prayers
Like hosts of guardian Angels, would have borne
You on their wings to heaven, will for my sake
Convert their zeale to curses, and in teares
Of anguish drowne your memory.

Vit. Why friend, this is
Such an o're-weening passion, as does question
The soundnesse of your judgement, fills the world
With a conceit you dye; because your feares
Dare not accept of life: Besides your Mistris,
To whom you would so strictly keepe your faith,
Does so much scorne your constancy, that no
Entreats could move her pitty undertake
This honourable imployment.

Tri. Doe it with speedy diligencie.

Dor. Her causelesse frailty
Shall more confirme my truth:
My Noble Lord pronounce
My happy sentence, twill be welcome to me
As charming harmony, and swell my brest
With more than humane pleasure.

*Enter Priest &
Executioner.*

Tri. Are you come? approach,
Behold this Executioner, and this Priest,
This is to wed you to destruction, that
To this rich Mine of purity: your choyse
May accept either: if you fixe on this,
Besides your owne redemption, you enjoy
A Lady, who may clayme as many hearts
As she has vertuous thoughts; but leane to that,
Your Spring returnes unpityed, to the rude
Armes of perpetuall winter, that will freeze you
To a ne're melting Iicle, be suddaine,
And wife in your election.

Dor. Tis but vaine: a Saint may sooner be o're-come to sell
His native Piety: come thou grim man,

Thou

The Ladies Priviledge.

Thou art to me more lovely then the face of perfect
Beauty : Do thy office, it will free me
From these perplexities.

Sab. Well my Lord,
Since I'me unworthy to enjoy in life
Your faire society, my soule shall hast
To waite on you to death, there is no blisse
Without your presence, since you will not have
Mercy on your owne life, by your example
Ile be as harsh to mine, Ile goe
Before you to the other world,
And be your lov'd Ghosts Harbenger.

Tri. Hold, hold the Lady —

Sab. Let no hand presume to seize me,
For the meanest touch that shall
Endeavour to prevent my will
Shall urge my speedier ruine : Good my Lord,
Shall I have answer ? I would fayne be going
On my long journy.

Dor. I'me confounded

In my imagination, I must yield,
You have enforc'd a benefit upon me,I
Can hardly thank you for, yet I will try
To love you as my wife ; that I were lost
In Clouds of black forgetfulnesse.

Tri. My Lord,
Your pardon's seal'd as soone as by the Priest
You are conjoyn'd in marriage :
Ile not leave you
Till't be solemniz'd, Hymen light thy Pine,
Death's tapers fade at the cleare flame of thine.

Exeunt.

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Trivulei, Doria, Sabelli, Adorni, Priest
and Virgins.

Tri. Is the Priest prepar'd
For his Hymne after Nuptialls, and the virgins
Ready to gratulate the Bride, and Bridegroome
With the appoynted dance?

Ador. The Priest I thinke
Has the song perfect, but it is a question
Among the wisest, whether in the City
There be seven Virgins to be found to furnish Recorders,
The dance as't should be; but you must accept them
With all their faults; this musicke speaks their enterance.

Enter Virgins.

Song.

T Riumph appeare, Hymen invites
Thee to wait upon this feast,
Mixe thy joyes with his delights,
'Tis the Generall is chiefe guest.
Bid the 'Dramme not leave to teach,
The Souldiers fainting heart to beate,
Nor warres loud musicke Canon cease,
Breasts with dearefull fire to heate.

H

Thy

The Ladies Priviledge.

Thy waving Ensignes in the aire display,
The Generall lives, tis triumphes Holyday.
Come bright vertues that reside
In heauen, as in your proper spheare,
Though all contain'd in the faire bride,
Chastity doe thou first appear,
With Temperance and innocent grace,
Rose-colourd Modesty and truth,
Dance harmlesse measures in this place,
With health, and a perpetuall youth :
And all your Virgin Trophies bring away,
To grace these Nuptials, Triumphs Holyday.

A Dance.

Tri. You have our hearty thanks, and we shal study
To give you faire requitall ; come my Lord
Erect your drowsie spirits, let your soule
Dance ayry measures in your jocund breast ;
This is a day on which each Bridegrome ought
To weare no earth about him ; ayre and fire
Are Hymens proper elements, your mirth
Ought to infuse into your frolick guests,
An humour apt for revelling and sport:
Your disposition is more dull, than if
You were to be chiefe mourner at a Coarse :
For shame shake off this sadness'e.

Ador. It becomes you to say truth scurvily, I doe not like it,
You looke as if y'ad lost some victorie,
Of which your hope had an assurance : Shall I tell your Lordship
A very pleasant story ? Enter Vitelli.

Dor. It must be, if it be delightfull to me, a discourse
Of some quicke meanes to free me from this cruell
Oppressive weight of flesh, which does entombe
My martyr'd soule, that like to sulphury fire
Hid in a Mountains entrayles, strives to burst
The prison, and flye upwards, it must needs

The Ladies Priviledge.

Be a sad wedding, when the Bridegroome weares
His Nuptiall livery on his eyes in teares.

Vit. Friend, this is

A passion too effeminate for a heart
Endu'd with manly courage; things past helpe
Should be past thought, your sadnesse casts a Cloud
Upon the lustre of this Ladys looks,
You make her dimme the brightness of her eyes
With unbecomming teares, if you continue
This strange distraction.

Sab. Alas my Lord,

Let me participate your cause of sorrow,
And be a willing partner in your griefe,
Which like a violent Current that o're-flowes
The neighbouring fields and medowes in its rage,
Into two stremes divided, smoothly runnes,
Kissing with calme lips the imprisoning banks,
Would, though too mighty for you, when my soule
Should vent a part of it, be milde, and passe
Away without disturbance of your peace,
Which to procure I would even burst my heart
With sighes devoted to your quiet, and
Become a loving fountaine by my teares
I shed without intermission.

Dor. Gentle Lady,

I am at such an enmity with fate,
Makes me incapable of ought but griefe,
But I shall study to declare how much
I am indebted to your care — good heaven
Send downe some Angell to protect my heart,
Or my religion will scarce stay my hand,
For acting wilfull violence on my life,
I have suckt poyon from her eyes, that will
Like to juyce of Hemlocke drowne my soule
In a forgetfull Lethargy, or oppresse
My temperate faculties with madnesse;

*Enter Eurione,
Chrisea, Corim.
Lad. & Bon.*

Tri. Cosen y'are welcome, know this vertuous Lady

The Ladies Priviledge.

Who has redeem'd the Generall.

Chri. Sir, ime come to gratulate your beauteous bride, and
wish you joyes immortall.

Sab. I hope Madam, my innocence has gi'n you no offence,
That you refuse me, being a stranger to you.
The Ceremonious wishes, which pertaine
To new made Brides, and onely doe conferre them,
Vpon my Lord.

Chri. Your happinesse already
Is so superlative, I cannot thinke
A new addition to it, you enjoy
The very summe of fortune in your match,
To such a noble and illustrious husband.
I no longer can hold my passion in,
These walls of flesh are not of
Strength sufficient to contayne
My big swolne heart : My Lords behold a creature
So infinitely wretched, I deserve not
The meanest shew of pitty, who have, like
A silly merchant, trifled away a jemme,
The darling of the quarry, lost a love
By my too foolish niceenesse to regaine
Whose forfeiture I would lay downe my life
But he is gone for ever, and I left
A pittious spectacle for the reproach
And scorne of wiser women.

Eur. Is this possible ?
Was all her passion to *Vitelli* feign'd ?
My hopes recover life agen.

Tri. Why *Christea*,
Whence springs this passionate fury ?

Chri. Oh my Lord,
When you shall heare it, you will sigh for me,
And shed a charitable teare, at thought
Of my unkinde disaster : sir my Justice
Cannot accuse your constancy, which stood
In the first tryall of your love, as fast

And

The Ladies Priviledge.

And spotlesse as an Alabaster rocke,
That had it but persisted in that height
Of honourable loyalty, your glory
Had been advanc'd to heaven, as the fix't starre,
To guid all lovers through the rough
Seas of affection.

Vir. This taxation
Cannot be just from you, who did enforce
The sad revolt upon him.

Dor. Is there in heaven no friendly
Boult left that will strike this frame into
The center, and set free a wretch
(So overgrowne with misery) from life,
That death would be a comfort above health,
Or any worldly blessing, may time blot my name out
Of his Booke, that such a Prodigy
May not affright succession, nor sticke
Like an o'respreading Leprosie upon
The beautious face of manhood.

Cbri. Oh my Lord, each griefe of which
Y'are sensible, is mine, and not your
Torment, every sigh you breath is an
Afflicting motion, expir'd by my vext
Spirit, and if you could weepe, each drop
Would be my blood, who am the spring
Of the whole flood of sorrow; oh forgive
The too exceeding honor of my love, I would
Have had you for your perfect truth so glorious;
Your loyalty should not for
Preservation of your fame, have needed
To adopt a statue for its heire, or builded a
Monumentall pyramid, but love
Is oftentimes loves undoing.

Tri. This is such
A cunning la byrin of
Sorrow, that no clew
Can lead them out of.

The Ladies Priviledge.

Dor. It would be

A great affront to misery, should there live
A person halfe so wretched to oue-dare
The strength of my affliction, me thinkes
Ime like some aged mountaine that has stood
In the seas watry bosome, thousand shocks
Of threatening tempests, yet by th' flattering waves,
That cling and curle about his stony limbes,
Is undermin'd and ruind, I have scap'd
Warres, killing, dangers, and by peacefull love,
Suffer a strange subversion, Oh *Chrisen*,
While I have reason left that can distinguish
Things with a coole and undistracted sence,
Let's argue mildly the unhappy cause
Of our undoings.

Eur. Truely sister,

'Twas a suspicio[n]ous rashnesse, I could wish
You never had attempted.

Chri. My Lord,

Humane condition alwaies censures things
By their event, my aimes have had successe
So strangely haplesse, that will blast the truth
Of their intentions purity, I never
Harbor'd the least suspicion of your faith,
Which I did strive to perfect, by the test,
As richest gold refind, and purg'd
From dross of other baser metals, and besides
The triall of your constancy, I meant
To sound *Vitelli's* depth; upon whose love
My sister doted, so that I was loath
To see her cast the treasure of her heart
Upon a stranger, of whose constancy
She had too small assurance.

Tri. Gentle Cosen,

Your good intents encounter'd bad successe,
But I admire, since you must needs have notice
Of his disaster, that the law would passe

Upon

The Ladies Priviledge.

Upon his life, you did not to prevent

All other virgin intercessors haste

To pay the early tribute of your love;

Chri. My wretched fate!

With a too quicke prevention has o'rethrowne

The justnesse of my purpose,

I relied so much upon his noblenesse, I thought

The ugly horror of a thousand deaths

Could not have mov'd his temper, and besides,

Knowing his mighty courage, I permitted

The law proceed upon him, that hereafter

He might be sure no merit can appease

Offended justice, otherwise I could

Easly have stop'd this mischife. *Enter Bonivet.*

Tri. How *Christea?* I understand you not.

Chri. Lady, to quit all scruple that I doe not wish

Yours and your Lords succeeding happiness, Ile offer

Something as an oblation that shall adde

Peace to your nuptiall garland (see my Lord)

My Cosen *Bonivet* lives.

Tri. Lives? *Lachantio* did not you informe us

That he was dead, and you had caus'd his body

To be prepar'd for funerall? which occasioned

The Generalls suddaine triall, because our custome

Does not permit the corpes to be entomb'd,

Before the murderer have his sentence, sir you shall know

What tis to mocke the state thus.

Lact. Good my Lord

Heare but my just excuse, I am so much the faire

Christea's beauty's by such ties

Oblig'd to serve her, that I choose to hazzard

The anger of the state ere her displeasure,

And doe submit me to your gracious censure.

Chri. I must confirm't,

Sir it was I who caus'd him to conceale

My Cosen *Bonivet*, for the causes which

I did declare before, and now my selfe

The Ladies Priviledge.

Having receiv'd a satisfying proofe
Of his affection, came resolv'd to cleare
These misty errors, but my cruell fate
Has like a suddaine storme which has beatne downe
A goodly field of standing Corne even ripe
For the laborious sickle, crush'd my hopes
In one sad minute into nothing.

Sab. My Lord I owe
Such an obedient duty to your peace,
That though my heart does wish to waite on yours
For ever ; since I see betwixt this Lady
And you such firme apperances of love,
If the law please to allow it, I resigne
My interest to her and be fortunate
To see you two live happy.

Vit. Since the marriage
Has not arriv'd to consummating act,
I doe beleeve this may be done.

Tri. Doe not delude
Your favour with vaine hopes, the law cannot
Dispense with the strict Cannon, tis impossible
You should be separated.

Dor. This happiness
Was too extreamely good to be confirm'd
To such a wretch as I am : I am like
One that did dreame of a huge masse of wealth,
And catching at it, grasp'd the fleeting ayre,
And waking grieves at the delusion.

Sab. Sir resume your antient quiet, the formall
Love shall not oppose your peace, I le disanull
The marriage easily, and most noble Lord
Pardon your humble servant.

Dor. Sure this is
Some apparition to confirme my faith,
Speake, art thou my *Sabelli*.

Vit. Yes tis he, fate would not suffer two such
Noble soules to be so disunited, gentle boy,

Thy

The Ladies Priviledge.

Thy duty to thy Master will continue,
Thy name in story, as the great example
Of loyalty in servants.

Sab. Twas the zeale I ought in duty to my Mrs. life,
Hath put me on the attempt, which if he pardon,
I'me fully satisfied.

Dor. My joyes does with a suddain extacie oppresse
My fraile mortality, and J should sinke,
Wert not for my supporters, my *Sabelli*,
Thou hast restor'd two lovers to their blisse,
Whose gratitude shall pay to thy desert
The tribute of their hearts : Deare Madam, now
I hope your scrupulous doubts will remaine free
From any new suspition.

Chri. Since I have scap'd the danger past, beleieve ile avoyd
The like hereafter ; my Lord please you confirme
My choysse ; and let my sister be dispos'd
To good *Vitelli*, he deserves her.

Tri. Your wishes are fulfilled, Cosen *Bonivet* welcome to life
Agen ; you and the Generall must be friends.

Dor. Your goodnessse will pardon my misfortune ?

Bon. And desire to be esteem'd your servant.

Enter Frangipan.

Fran. With your leave gentlemen : Madam I have such newes
to tell you, as will tickle your understanding, to beleieve the Ge-
nerall is married ; and more, Signior *Doria*, Lord *Bonivet* lives ;
That's lucky newes for you.

Dor. He's here, good Signior *Frangipan*.

Fran. My newes has ever the worst lucke ; J must resolve to
leave it off.

Ador. But sir J have some suddaine newes to tell you :
The thousand Ducats you contracted to pay me,
When you could understand the French as perfectly
As my selfe ; by all these Lords indifferent judgement is
Due on this very minute.

Fran. This is newes indeed ; you do not mean to make a gul of
me, a figo for a thousand Ducats : as J am a gentleman I know not
French for any thing, not for an Asse: good your grace let mee
not be abus'd.

J

Cor.

The Ladies Priviledge.

Cor. 'Twas I my Lord who made the bargaine with him,
The mony is not due untill my Cozen
Have French as perfect as himselfe.

Dor. He has, ile beare him witnesse ; for *Adorni*
Speakes not one true French word.

Fran. How not one true French Word?

Ador. No not a word, you must disburse.

Fran. Tutor, ile tell you newes,
You made a foole of mee,
I could abuse him horribly,
If I durst for feare of beating.

Ador. My Lord
If he will undertake warres,
Ile quit my bargayne.

Fran. He pay it trible first, the name of warre
Has brought an age on me.

Tri. You two agree that : Cozens I rejoyce
To see this happy period of your loves.
Let's backe unto the Temple, that the Priest
May by his sacred power unite your hearts.
Lead to the Temple.

Exaudi.

The



The Epilogue.

Frangipan.

GEntlemen, Ile tell you Newes, the Play is done,
And he that writ it betwixt hope and Feare
Stands pensive in the Tyring-house to heare
Your Censures of his Play : Good Gentlemen
Let it be kind, or otherwise his Pen
Will write but dully, for he needs must lacke
If you disprayeſt the quickning Spirit of Sacke
To inflame his Genius, which you'le ever find
Devoted to you, if your Votes be kind.

F I N I S.



1000. 1000. 1000.
1000. 1000. 1000.
1000. 1000. 1000.

Andy
Golds



Accessions

149,499

Shelf No.

G3971.47

Barton Library.



Thomas Pennant, Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.

